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Southern Yankee
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SOUTHERN YANKEE DOODLE.

TUNE—"YANKEE DOODLE."



The gallant Major Anderson!
A bold and fearless Ranger—
He stole a march one starry night,
And ran away from danger.
Slip over Anderson,
Into that Fort so handy,
And bid them strike the martial strain
Of "Yankee Doodle Dandy."

For thou no longer then can'st hear
That cruel phantom mob,
Nor in thy troubled visions fear
That they will kill and rob.
Slip over Anderson, &c.

O! gallant Major Anderson!
How shall I sing the story
Of thy courageous, matchless *truth*
And all thy deeds of glory?
Slip over Anderson, &c.

How thou didst nobly spike the guns
Upon that weak old Fort,
Which thou and thy attendant Huns
Viewed but as manly sport?
Slip over Anderson, &c.

And when that brilliant "Western Star"
Upon our harbor rose,
And underneath her hatches close
Concealed our armed foes?
Slip them all, brave Anderson,
Into that Fort so handy,
And bid them strike the martial strain
Of "Yankee Doodle Dandy."

But when each brave Palmetto boy,
A welcome warm did give
From cannon's mouth, they were *too* coy
Such welcome to receive.
Fire away, brave Anderson,
From out that Fort so handy,
And bid them strike the martial strain
Of "Yankee Doodle Dandy."

Be not *too* grieved, brave Anderson,
That this, your well laid plan,
Should come to nought, and leave you thus
Without one extra man.
Fire away, brave Anderson, &c.

Farewell! farewell! *brave* Anderson!
Long may these deeds of glory
Be noised abroad by trumpet fame
In many a song and story.
Come then away, *brave* Anderson,
From out that Fort so handy,
Nor longer bid them strike the strain
Of "Yankee Doodle Dandy."

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